

# The season's curmudgeon sees the light

**Knight Ridder/Tribune News Service**

|April 12, 2004

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Spring has never done much for me.

I was always an autumn kind of gal: My birthday is in September. When red and gold creep into the leaves, I see beauty, not death. A slight chill in the air feels just right.

I planned an October wedding. When I raised my face to kiss the groom, I didn't want any beads of sweat ruining the moment.

In autumn, you can fall back into an extra hour for sleep or contemplation. It's something I look forward to all summer.

Autumn leads into the hibernation of winter, setting the perfect mood for us quiet types. When you sit inside to read a book, you're never chided for wasting a perfectly beautiful day.

I didn't mind fall's signal of a new school year; I liked school.

The season even has a song—"Autumn in New York"—that mentions two of my favorite things.

Spring meant too many rainy days, too many reminders of the humid summer to come. Spring-fever romances? New blossoms and pungent smells trigger sneezes, not love.

In spring, you lose an hour, which you need for all the scrubbing and cleaning.

Everyone is always doing something in the spring. And if you aren't, you feel like some kind of slug. "You've had all winter to rest, you lazy bum. Go outside!"

When you do venture out, it's not cold, but it's not warm enough, either. You can't take a walk without running into throngs of people: jogging, cycling, lying in every tiny patch of sun.

Everyone says it's time to garden; I hate to garden.

"It Might as Well be Spring" isn't bad, but it's a little corny. "Springtime for Hitler"? Indeed.

But this year, I began to wonder if maybe I had written off spring too hastily.

Spring is a clear signal that you've made it through another ice storm, another broken heater, another cold snap.

Rain isn't a bother if you think of it as washing all the grime away. Splashing is fun!

Spring is an excuse to get out of all those black clothes and go buy a pair of pink shoes. (Oh yes I did!)

You can peel off another layer of outerwear each day. As you lighten up \_ by hue and weight \_ it puts a "spring" in your step.

Sure you feel obligated, even compelled, to move around. Just look at it as a reminder from Mother Nature that it's time to put those chocolate bunny ears down and exercise.

It's for your health and so you'll look fabulous when those layers come off.

You get to see people you haven't seen for months. Or if you did pass them by, they had their collars up and their heads down.

Now, you can stop and say hi, ask them what they've been up to, give them garden advice and get some tips yourself. (Even if you have no intention of actually getting out in the garden yourself, saying "mulch," "fertilizer" and "perennials" is cathartic.)

Spring is fresh and positive like no other season.

The best part is knowing that another spring will come, and you will always have the chance for a fresh start.